Mat-Su Monitor

November 2015 VOLUME 39 NUMBER 2

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GET INVOLVED WITH YOUR

STUDENT GOVERNMENT

MEETINGS EVERY WEDNESDAY 11:50 - 12:50 FSM 105

What is the Alaska Native Cultures Club of Mat-Su College?

by Corrina Atkins (ANCC Vice President)

and Lisa Schwarzburg (ANCC Faculty Advisor)

Last February, on Elizabeth Peratrovich Day, a few interested students; Mike Swanson, Mat-Su's Student Retention Advisor; and Dr. Lisa Schwarzburg, Anthropology professor teaching ANTH 200 Natives of Alaska, got together for a celebratory lunch potluck and "kick-off" of Mat-Su College's newly formed Alaska Native Cultures Club.

ANCC invites everyone to join them on November 18th to honor Alaska Native Heritage Month at Glenn Massay Theater.

While honoring Elizabeth Peratrovich, a Tlingit woman that urged the territorial Senate to pass the Alaska Civil Rights bill on February 8, 1945—the club became official.

It was a fitting day to start up a club with the mission: "To provide Alaska Native students a group-based avenue for camaraderie; facilitate leadership and a platform of common interests." They also welcome anyone interested in learning more about Alaska Native cultures to join.

Dr. Schwarzburg had heard students in past semesters speak about how they were

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UPCOMING EVENTS

Ongoing: *Faculty/Staff Art show, College Gallery (FSM 200).*

November 4th: *The UAA School of Social Work will be on campus from 10 AM to 4 PM for counseling appointments with students interested in the program. Call 745-9762 to schedule.*

November 5th: *UAA College of Education will have individual counseling appointments from 9:30 AM to 3:00 PM; contact 745-9762 to schedule one. There will be a group orientation session at 3:00PM in FSM 201.*

November 6th: *Table Top Games Club chess tournament. FSM 206 12:00-3:00.*

November 7th: *Day of the Dead Dance, 8 PM to Midnight.*

November 9th: *Spring 2016 course registration begins.*

November 10th: *MRE Cook-Off Contest, 10-1 in the Cafeteria. Register at Student Services by November 9th.*

November 11th: *Veterans Day Tribute, Glenn Massay Theater. 12-1 PM.*

November 19th: *Resume writing workshop, OLB 214. 12-1.*

November 7th: *Math Cram Jam, 9 AM-2 PM.*

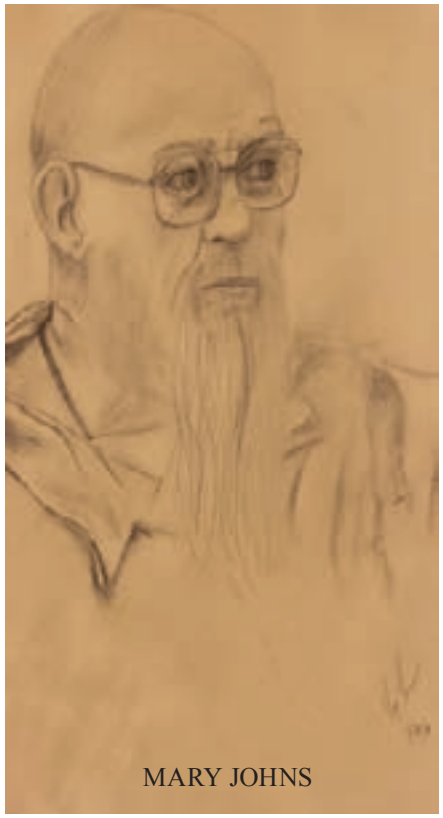
December 5th: *Math Cram Jam, 9 AM-2 PM.*

Student Show

This show will feature art work from students enrolled in Art courses during the Fall 2015 semester.

Submission: Nov. 30-Dec. 4

Show Dates:Nov.11 - Dec. 5



MARY JOHNS

CHESS TOURNAMENT
12:00 - 3:00
FSM 206
NOVEMBER 6

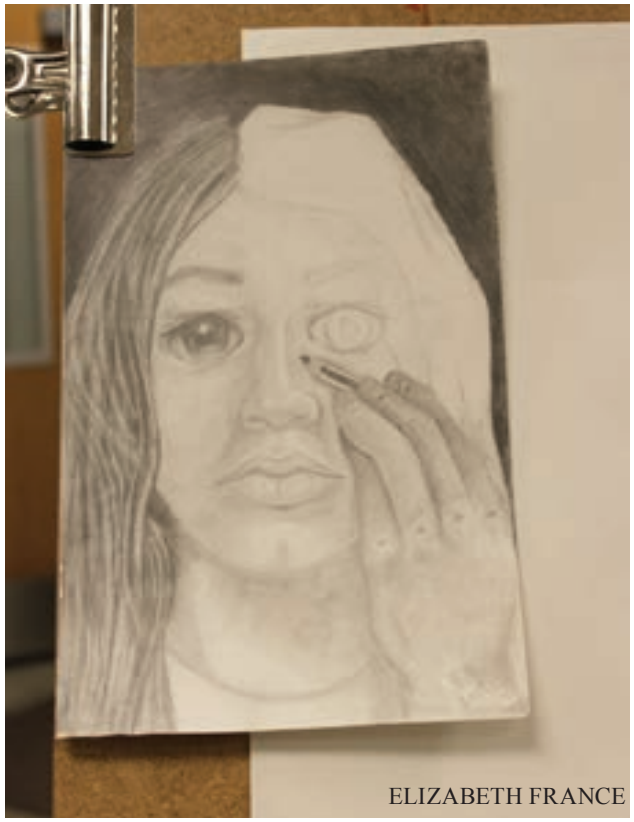
SPONSORED BY :
TABLE TOP GAMES &
STUDENT GOVERNMENT

NO REGISTRATION REQUIRED.
UNRANKED / UNRATED
15 MINUTE GAMES
USCF RULES

Mat-Su College Arctic Dragons

The Arctic Dragon Contest

Submit a 2-D or 3-D representation of the Arctic Dragon, the Mat-Su College mascot, by 12/8/15. Submissions can be any medium and all residents of the Mat-Su Valley are welcome to participate in this contest. The submissions will be displayed at Mat-Su College from Dec. 9- Jan. 15 in FSM 200.



ELIZABETH FRANCE

In the last issue we asked our creative student body to submit Halloween- or fall-themed stories for this issue of the Monitor. We received pieces from several students. Our judges found each submission to have its own merit, but finally -- after a week of deliberation -- settled on a single winner. We present to you...

Haunts and Taunts

by Mercedes Becker

An October moon cascaded its pale gleam onto the monstrous costumes of Joel Hawthorne, Clay Peters, and Tristan Garner. The three friends had been sneaking through neighborhoods on Halloween, scaring people on sidewalks and on the pathways to houses. This Halloween had become their third year of executing their rotten scheme. They purposely targeted the young trick-or-treaters, wanting to make them cry. It had been a couple hours since the sun went down and the 13 year old boys were beginning to feel bored of their scaring get-up.

"I'm getting tired of this. Let's go do something really fun, like check out the Wybern Graveyard," Clay uttered, taking off his Werewolf mask to scratch his head.

"Hah, you're funny," said Joel, his nerves starting to flare. "Why don't we just go home? I mean, we've already been out a long time."

"It's Halloween man! It only comes once a year. We've got to enjoy it while it lasts," Clay rebuffed.

Tristan, who had been listening to his friends in his hooded gorilla costume, began to speak. "Joel's got a point. We have been out here awhile and what else is there to do? We already got candy. All the carnivals are over and we're getting bored of scaring people."

"Well…," Clay thought for a moment. Before Clay spoke again, a tall mysterious figure approached them in a dark phantom costume with no face.

"If you boys really want to have a good time you should go to the creepy house that's on Rabbit Drive, four blocks down," the person murmured to them and then walked away.

After they boys saw the phantom person slip down the street, Clay uttered, "Hey that's a good idea. We should go investigate it!"

"What!? Are you sure that mask isn't cutting off the circulation to your brain?" Joel cried. "WHY in the world would I want to go into a scary old house on Halloween, while it's pretty much pitch-black outside, in the middle of the night? Don't you ever watch scary movies? You don't do that, you just don't".

"You know, Tristan countered, that actually sounds fun no matter how nuts it seems".

"See Joel? It'll be awesome. Come on let's do it. It's gonna be fine," said Clay.

Joel in his cyclops monster costume shook his head and quickly responded "No Way!"

"Don't be a pumpkin head Joel. You're not a sissy are you?" Tristan asked.

"No!"

"Then come on!"

"Heeeffffff, fine," Joel exhaled.

The three walked along a cracked sidewalk past orange lampposts and houses that were starting to turn out their lights. There were not as many people trick-or-treating like earlier the boys noticed as they continued down a neighborhood. Fall leaves rustled in a slight wind that occasionally dropped and twirled before landing in front of the boys' feet. They marched around a corner as Clay led them toward the house.

About six blocks up, the boys reached Rabbit Drive, the road where the house sat. Only one lamppost flickered above their heads as they tried peering down the pavement. Fortunately they had packed three small flashlights which Joel, pulled out of a little backpack he had been carrying.

"It must be four blocks ahead," Clay pointed with his flashlight.

They wandered forward and turned past houses with their lights completely out. Then Tristan darted ahead challenging the others to race him. They sprinted across two blocks and Clay was the first to touch a stop sign. Joel, Tristan, and Clay stood there for a moment to catch their breaths. They then went onward down the road and came to the end of where mysterious person had directed them. To what seemed like an empty lot until the boys shifted their flashlights

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The Perfect Resume

By K.B. Holbrook III, Mat-Su College Career Counselor

Over the last month I have had a lot of students make career counseling appointments for resume help. The reasons for working on their resumes varied from long-term unemployment to looking for a better job. Just as their reasons for seeking help varied, so did their backgrounds. Every student brings a unique history with them: academic, work, volunteer, and personal. In fact, none of the students I met with in the past month even had the same major. Since every individual has such a unique background, there is no such thing as a "perfect resume" format. Every resume must be tailored to represent the individual in the best light relative to the job they are applying for.

Every resume must be tailored to represent the individual in the best light relative to the job they are applying for.

For this edition of the Monitor I chose to discuss the pros and cons of the 3 basic resume formats: chronological, functional, and combination. The most common format is a chronological resume. A chronological resume highlights an individual's work history, starting with their most recent or current employment history. Chronological resumes work well for individuals who already have a long work history in the area they are applying for work. A good example might be a recent accounting graduate who had an accounting internship, two years of bookkeeping experience, and sales experience before that. For someone like this, a chronological resume could do a great job of highlighting their professional growth and good fit in an industry that requires a great deal of skill, trust, and professionalism. However, for those with little or no related work experience, a chronological resume generally highlights inexperience.

For those with little work experience, a functional resume is often the best choice. A functional resume could include headings such as "Summary of Qualifications," "Skills," or "Certifications." The point of a functional resume is to highlight specific skills and qualifications an individual has that will allow them to excel in the position they desire, regardless of previous employment history. In fact, when a functional resume includes work history, it is generally just to show reliability. An example of a student who might want to choose a functional resume might be a computer systems technology (CST) student with no prior experience in IT. For this student, a functional resume would be a good way to highlight programs and hardware they are familiar with, as well as relevant class projects, coursework, and industry certifications they have which are required to be successful in the position(s) they are applying for.

The third format, the combination resume, picks and pulls from chronological and functional styles. This style of resume generally has a skills/qualifications and experience/work history section of equal importance. This can be a very strong

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Mat-Su Monitor
November 2015

The Second King: Part Four of Seven

By Brian Conaway

[Editor's note: the previous installments of this riveting tale can be found in March, April, and October 2015 issues of the Monitor, which are posted online at http://matsu.alaska.edu/news/mat-su-monitor-newspaper/]

Bennevon

236 B.W.C: *Before War of Calamities*

Northern winds that blew far from Culvak and Exilos raked Benn's cheeks, chilling him more in one moment than the sea had in the fourteen days he'd been on it. It reeked of Giants and wyverns. From here he could see the naked birds as they circled a massive tower miles ahead of them, situated at the center of the range of cliffs that partitioned Mariador from Aermenos.

"That tower is where the *Zalk* is being held?" Benn asked the waist high Akaii warrior behind him, green scaled and striped with turquoise war painting on his lizard face.

"The Giant's last bastion before Mariador," Naersellek replied curtly. "He will hold the *Zalk* for ransom. Where better to do so than on the border of our kingdoms? We must meet him there with our own *quills*." He gripped the hilt of his rapier tighter with his webbed hands.

"We make haste, then."

"As do they," he pointed to the span of forest on the right hand side of the range. Even from here, Benn could see a gash of parted trees making its way to the foothills that would climb up into the bastion.

"We must hasten against the hours!" the Azakarr declared. "Fly at once for Aer-Balek!" He meant of course the spire that stabbed the black and orange skies. His companions wasted no time. They began a steady jog behind their captain. Benn held up the rear; Akaii were surprisingly fast on land and maintained a pace that was impossible to match.

The hours snailed along and they seemed to be getting no closer to the tower that jealously clawed for the heavens. When at last they had run a decent amount, their captain raised a fist for them to halt.

"Here we rest, in sight of the glorious Greenwall. Three minutes, and then on we press."

Benn looked out over the mire at the far edge of the forest. He recalled his nightmares on the ship when he beheld it now. *In my dreams there was smoke...and blood in the water.*

He was grateful that it was not so now, instead it remained a pale mist, faraway and remote. The Greenwall was a large castle, not as large as the Antock Palace in Natill, but large enough to see from here. It rose from the plateau in the center of Mariador itself. *She is a lonely castle, that one. But strong all the same. Very strong.*

He ate of his rations while the snow crunched under his feet, part of the snow that was splattered intermittently along the cliffs, brown and black speckled and hardly white at all.

"Up, men," Naersellek ordered, though harshly. "Take cover behind the rocks!"

Across the cliffs a scream sounded, not a human scream, and certainly not an Akaii, for they did not scream no matter the brutality of their death. Such remained true for the Akaii who was suddenly swept up by the talons of a shrill sounding wyvern. Benn barely had time to react himself. Leathery black wings that stank of carrion curtained his eyes and talons that could crush his skull between them strained to do just that. Bulbous sockets turned this way and that, while a forked tongue screamed bloody murder.

Benn drove his sword through its ribs until it stuck out the other end. Its weight dragged him down and it flailed and kicked while he struggled to pull his blade free. He reached for a large rock and wasted no time in smashing the beast's skull on its many edges once he had it. Gore clung to it at every stroke but he did not cease until he could safely pull the blade free.

He hated the beast all the more when a twitching limb gave him one final defiant kick on his calf. Blood seeped where the sidelong gash opened. He cursed quietly.

Two Akaii had been flung off the edge and plummeted into the sea of brush far below. Only three of their company remained to slay the Giant.

"We waste no time," Naersellek growled. "I have a suspicion these hunters thought us easy prey on these desolate cliffs. How wrong they were."

"They don't seem interested in retrieving their prey." Benn pointed at the remaining two wyverns that were flying into Aermenos rather than down into the forest where their prey had been dropped. "Some will moved

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KEEPING ALIVE A LONGSTANDING MAT-SU COLLEGE TRADITION, THIS NOVEMBER THE MATH CLUB AND THE STUDENT GOVERNMENT WILL BE LAUNCHING FOOD DRIVES TO HELP FEED OUR LESS-FORTUNATE NEIGHBORS. KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED FOR DROP-OFF BINS AND INFORMATION ON WHAT KIND OF FOOD IS WANTED. YOUR DONATIONS ARE GREATLY APPRECIATED.

A Breakdown: The Alaska Permanent Fund Dividend (PFD)

By Nicholas Phillips

If you've received a dividend before, you got to admit – it's a great perk to being an Alaskan. The money that gets mailed or direct deposited to every qualifying Alaskan is used in some way to save, donate, pay bills, or maybe even to buy a new car you've had your eye on. Even though you have received one, do you know why you receive one? Or where this money comes from? Let's take a moment to appreciate some Alaskan history and learn a few things about the chunk of change you've received in this year's Permanent Fund Dividend.

The Permanent Fund Dividend was made possible by the State of Alaska in 1976. This was during the time the Trans-Alaska Pipeline was established. During that year, Alaskans voted to change the constitution to place 25% of money from oil as a resource for income. This officially created the Permanent Fund. The Alaska Permanent Fund Corporation (APFC) states that this 1976 state law (AS 37.13) was created to:

- Conserve a portion of the state's revenue from mineral resources to benefit all generations of Alaskans
- To maintain safety of principal while maximizing total return
- To be a savings device managed to allow maximum use of disposable income for purposes designated by the law

In short, this gives us a cut of the funds from the industry, as long as it does not take away from the fund's principal. The dividend is only available from the earnings of the fund. That being said, if there are no profits from the fund, that means we will not receive any money. Let's not worry yet – the APFC states, "The Fund is doing well, and over the years has paid out more in dividends than it has taken from mineral deposits while maintaining a healthy balance."

This year marks the highest dividend. From the original $1,000 dividend in 1982, we have seen it double this year when we have received $2,072. If you didn't get one this year, stick it out until you finished your first calendar year living here. Remember to sign up for your PFD early so you receive one, and try to have important bills paid off so you don't lose any PFD money in garnishments. Enjoy your money now, until next fall that is!

Math Anxiety

By Rachel Goodall, Student Ambassador

It is your first day of college math class and you have not studied math since high school! You feel overwhelmed by all the concepts you once knew and everyone is answering questions with ease and you are still trying to figure out the last problem!

I have been here in this situation. I am here to tell you everyone goes though these moments.

Instead of giving in to the negative side I choose to be positive even if it seemed I was not making progress.

Learning math requires practice, like learning to play a musical instrument or learning a new language. Attend every oppurnity of help, such as the Learning Resource Center tutor sessions. Ask when your instructors can give you one on one time! Ask other students for help outside of class. The Math Club is offering help as well.

I encourage you to keep moving and working hard. Do not give up. We can make it through the semester one problem at a time!

Veterans Day Flag-Folding Event

November 11th / 12-1 PM / Glenn Massay Theater

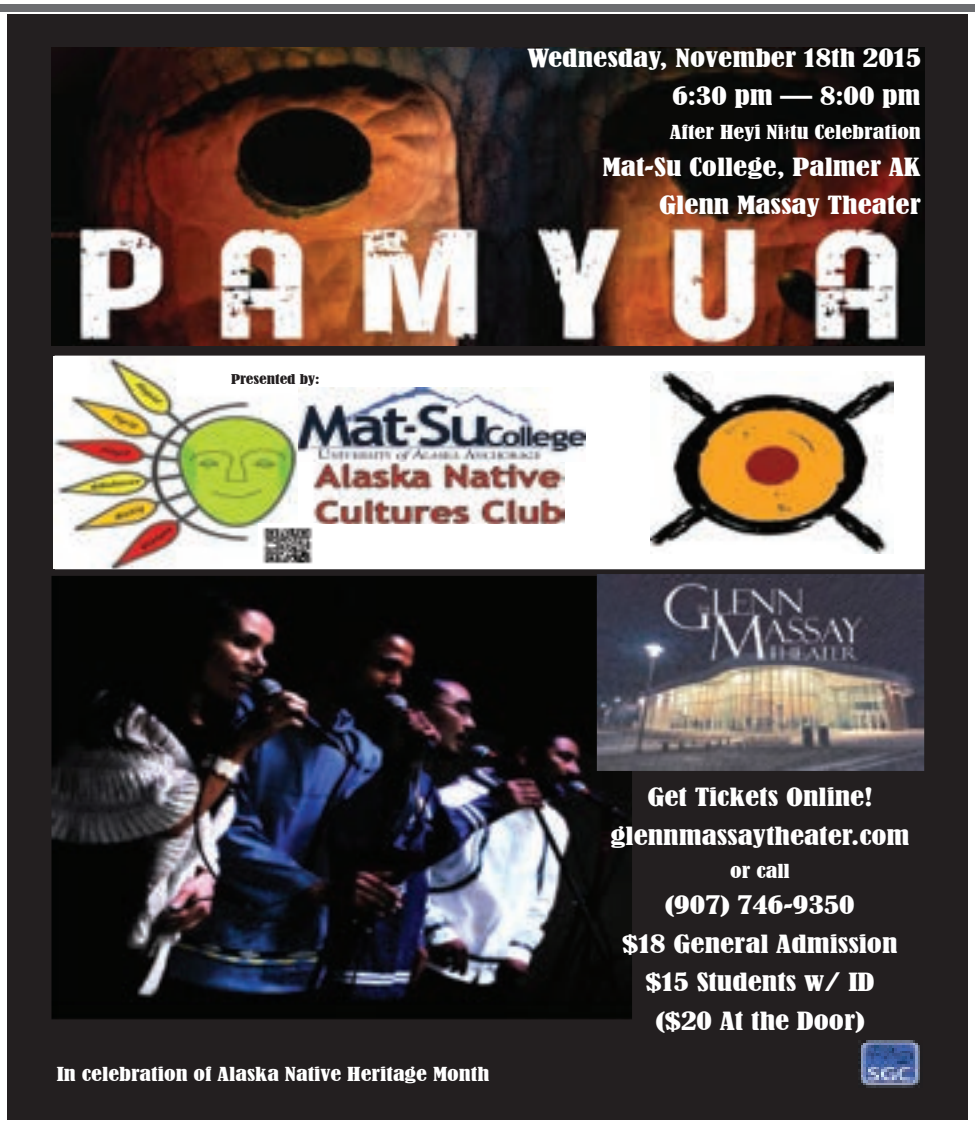
Editor's note: we received this piece from a student and veteran. We are pleased to be able to include it in conjunction with the announcement of an event on campus similar to the ones described herein.

Veterans Day allows American citizens to show patriotism to the ones who have served our country. This day reminds Americans of our rich history about our country's protectors, and the accomplishments and battles of our Veterans - past and present.

At precisely 11:00 a.m. every year at Arlington National Cemetery's Tomb of the Unknown Soldiers there is a wreath-laying ceremony followed by the parade of colors into the Memorial Amphitheater. This ceremony is an honor and a thank you to all who served in the United States Armed Forces. I have attended this event several times and each time it gives me chills. The sheer number of the thousands attending the event reminds you of how America honors its veterans. It's packed so tight there is standing room only. Your body is overwhelmed by chills as the soldiers perform their precise movements. It reminds me of the sacrifice Veterans made and continue to make for our freedom.

If you would like to show your honor or experience a patriotic event like this November 11th, it is possible. Every year near the Mat-Su Visitors Center in Palmer at the Veterans' Wall of Honor, Alaska celebrates Veterans Day. It's a commemorative event with music and the proclamation followed by a 21-gun salute and "Taps."

By Tippy Whittington



Alaska Native Culture Club

Continued from page 1

just learning of their heritage and became interested in sharing with and relating to others on campus. Some students of Alaska Native background are also coming from their villages to the Valley for the first time, and may benefit from learning the "ropes" of school from other students or just enjoy the camaraderie and companionship. "Ultimately, of course, the Mat-Su Alaska Native Cultures Club can be whatever the students themselves decide to make it," Schwarzburg said. In Anchorage, there is a *Cama-i* Room for students from the villages to congregate, enjoy Native food, get help finding their way around campus, learn languages, take part in drum or dance demonstrations, or just sit and play cards and hang out.

Since those first members provided the required signatures making formation of the club official last February, Mike Swanson and Lisa Schwarzburg have acted as staff and faculty advisors for the organization; and Kitlisa Carson has been active president. The Alaska Native Cultures Club has offered students an opportunity to join the club and get involved in all matters Alaska Native.

What Has the ANCC been up to?

Besides development and approval of above-mentioned Mission Statement and Logo:

Spring 2015:

- formed goals and budget (thanks to early officers Kitlisa Carson, Amy Kemp; and members like Chelsey Dunton)
- officers and faculty and staff sponsors named;
- officially established the club with SGA
- held meetings and represented ANCC club at SGA meetings in Spring 2015
- had a table at Earth Day 2015 with sign-up sheet
- **Summer 2015:**
- left flyers and had sign-up sheet at Chickaloon Village Fair this summer (with the assistance of Mike Swanson)
- completed the bulletin board presentation across from library this summer (thanks to President Kitlisa Carson)
- designed and commissioned ANCC club banner for use at functions
- hosted ANCC table with sign-up sheet and banner display at Fall Orientation
- organized Fall 2015 first meeting

This fall, starting with the 2015, the Club has been especially busy taking in new members, electing officers, and meeting.

Currently, these meetings are very busy planning Mat-Su ANCC's celebration of Alaska Native Heritage Month coming up in November. ANCC invites everyone to join them on November 18th to honor Alaska Native Heritage Month at Glenn Massey Theater.

The Alaska Native Culture Club has been working behind the scenes to bring you a day full of festivities. Traditional dances, an afternoon and evening potluck, beading/yo-yo making booths, and an evening concert from the band Pamyua are all included. See this issue of Monitor for details.

If you would like to learn more about the event please stop by one our ANCC meeting Monday's in the FSM building room 200 from 1150-1250. There are plenty of opportunities to help bring this event to life as well. Look for flyers around campus and we can't to see you there!

3,000 Deaths a Day

By Rebecca Barnes

We the People of the United States, in Order to form a more perfect Union, do establish the right for women to abort their children, our future leaders, in the womb, to secure the Blessings of Liberty for ourselves and not our Posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America.

Every day thousands of innocents are killed through suctioning, dismembering, scraping, tearing, crushing, suffocation, burning, drowning, and neglect (when born alive). Every day thousands of babies are murdered. All for the sake of a woman's privacy rights.

These are children, future mothers and fathers, leaders and role models. If the legal right to abort was possible centuries ago it is possible that the great leaders of our nation – Jefferson, Lincoln, or King – would not have been born. Perhaps we wouldn't have the rights we do today; slavery would not be abolished; the nation would not be as one. Future leaders of our country and world, when we need them the most, slip between our fingers and into the hands of murders.

Many people argue that when a fetus is still in its mother's womb it is not living therefore they have no rights. However, ultrasounds disprove this. From being able to see the quickly growing baby, to being able to hear the heartbeat, to the mother even being able to feel the baby kick between 16 to 25 weeks of pregnancy; the baby is very much human.

The counterargument to pro-life is pro-choice: a woman's rights. However, this is not about women's rights at all. If the roles reverse and the male was the one pregnant, then it's really not "women's rights." Nowhere does the Constitution declare the right for anyone to deny life to another, but that is what abortion is: denying life to that human. Snuffing the life out before they ever even have the chance to choose how they live.

The Constitution declares that all men are equal under the law and have the right to govern themselves because not all laws are right. However, that does not state that all men know what is right.

On September 9, 2015, saline abortion survivor Gianna Jessen testified at a trial against Planned Parenthood. Against all odds this woman survived a late term saline abortion (where the baby is burned inside the mother's womb), and now lives her life with cerebral palsy. During this testimony, Jessen asked Planned Parenthood, and the Judiciary Committee a compelling question, "If abortion is about women's rights, then what were mine?"

Abortion is a matter greater than just women's rights. It involves a baby too.

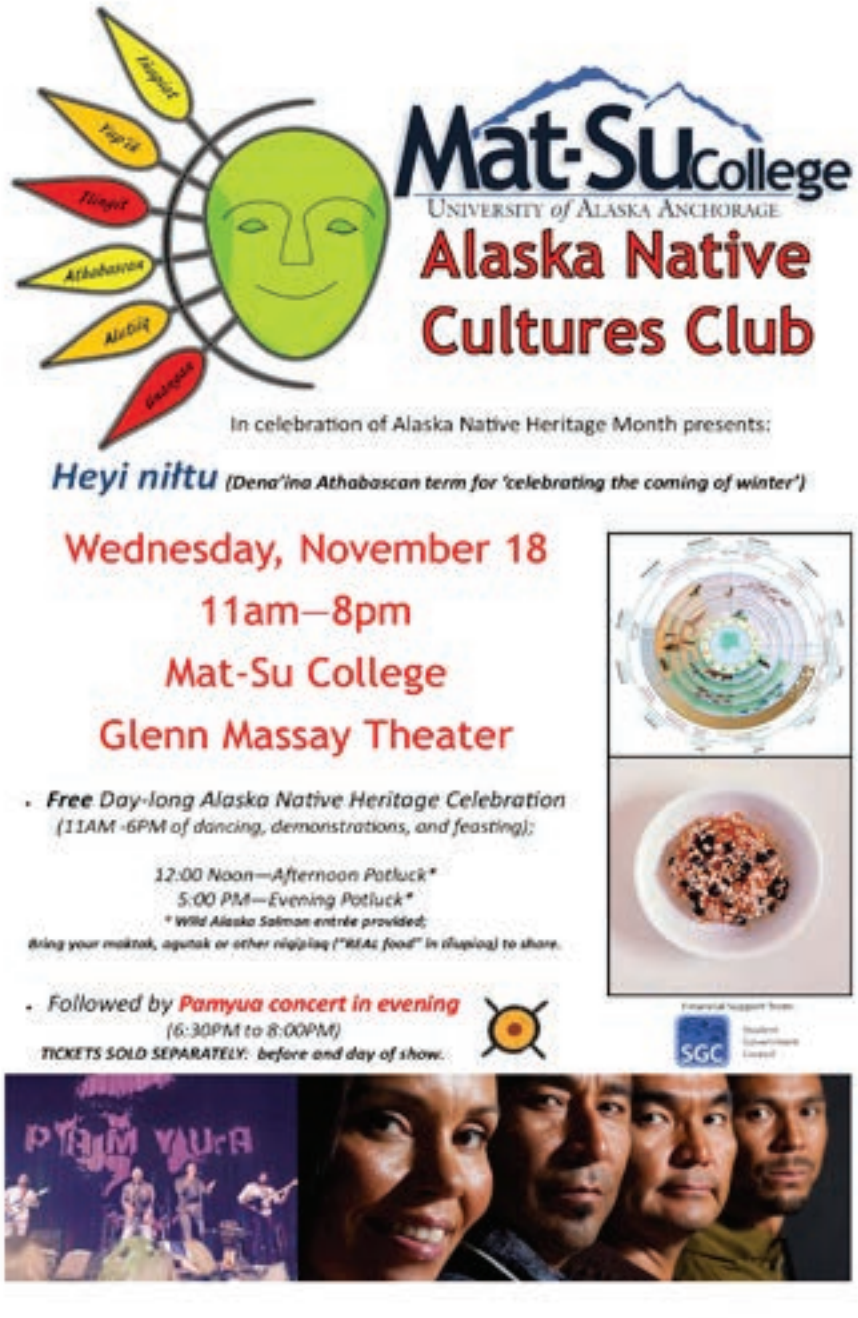
There are more options than abortion. If you should find yourself pregnant, talk to your local pregnancy center about what your options are. You don't have to end a life to continue your own.

Resumes *continued from page 3*

format for the individual who is seeking a competitive position and wants to stand apart from their peers. The downside of a combination resume is that it is the hardest resume to structure as sections can easily become repetitive and feel out of order. More than any other type of resume, it is important that you have a good proofreader if you decide to make a combination resume (I am happy to proofread your resume).

Now you know the basic pros and cons of the three resume styles: chronological, functional, and combination. For the next edition of the monitor I will be writing about the job hunting process and tips for finding a job that fits your needs as a part-time or full-time worker. If you would like to know more about the topic of resume writing, I will be leading a resume writing workshop on November 19th from noon to 1pm in the Library (OLB 214) or individual appointments can be made at the Student Services office.

The opinions expressed in the Editorials section of the Mat-Su Monitor are solely those of the author. Future issues of the Mat-Su Monitor will allow space for students to present several sides of controversial issues. Watch for this feature!


Mat-Su College
University of Alaska Anchorage
Alaska Native Cultures Club
In celebration of Alaska Native Heritage Month presents:
Heyi niłtu (Dena'ina Athabascan term for 'celebrating the coming of winter')
Wednesday, November 18
11am–8pm
Mat-Su College
Glenn Massay Theater
Free Day-long Alaska Native Heritage Celebration
(11AM -6PM of dancing, demonstrations, and feasting):
12:00 Noon—Afternoon Potluck*
5:00 PM—Evening Potluck*
* Wild Alaska Salmon entrée provided;
Bring your maktak, agutak or other nigiqiaq ("REAL food" in Iñupiaq) to share.
Followed by Pamyua concert in evening
(6:30PM to 8:00PM)
TICKETS SOLD SEPARATELY: before and day of show.
SGC

Meet Caleb Berry, our Smoke & Tobacco Free Student Task Force Leader. "I am super excited to represent Mat-Su College in this capacity!" He is here to help support and promote the smoke and tobacco-free campus policy effective November 19th! Stop by the booth and get the latest helpful information regarding this policy.

By Courtney Brooke Smith /Director of Marketing and Communications

Photo by Heather at Ambience Photography

The Mat-Su Monitor Team

Editors
Sam Ouellette
Michelle Sharpe

Faculty Advisor
Micah Muer

Layout Artist
Audrey Badger

Photographer
Position Available

Contributing Writers
Corinna Atkins
Rachel Goodall
K.B. Holbrook
Courtney Brooke Smith
Lisa Schwarzburg
Tippy Wittington

Feature Writers
Rebecca Barnes
Brian Conaway
Albert Wily
Art Corvelay

Staff Writers
Ethan Gauntt
Gary Haag
Lori Leahy
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Michelle Sharpe

WORD SEARCH

S	D	G	O	N	K	S	S	T	L	F	C	O	S	P
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R	C	T	E	O	P	O	T	N	H	H	P	O	S	A
C	A	N	D	Y	N	E	C	K	L	A	C	E	O	S
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Circle the words from the list below. Place the leftover letters in the spaces for a special message!

_ _ _ _

Haunts and Taunts *continued from page 3*

upward, which then revealed…the house…the creepy one that they had talked about earlier. Their flashlights shined upon it and Tristan thought he heard Joel gasp. It was severely tattered with cracked dark bluish bricks. The house looked like it had two floors because of a couple broken windows near the roof. Several dead scraggly trees and bushes surrounded the sides and front. The door, black and splintered, had a rusty metal knob that was shaped like a dragon. A narrow pathway that was overgrown with weeds, curved up to the house. Clay, who was standing the closest, brushed his werewolf claws over a beaten black metal gate. All of them were in a daze, stricken with awe. The air around them was eerie, like they were covered in a sinister blanket that neither brought warmth or comfort. Suddenly Clay climbed over the gate and hopped over to the other side.

"What are we waiting for? Let's go!" said Clay.

"Are we sure about this? I mean who knows what will happen if we go in there," Tristan inquired.

"Yeah, what about that?" Joel added.

"Wait, now you're gonna be a fraidy-cat too, Tristan? Clay exasperated.

"No, I'm just thinking…," Tristan started, but Clay interrupted.

"See right there, that's your problem. You're overthinking this. Now shut your gorilla face and come on already".

Joel and Tristan clambered over the gate and slowly treaded with Clay down the path to the ram shackled steps that went up to the door. When they were at the top, they all gave each other uneasy glances before Clay rolled his eyes and placed his hand on the dragon handle and pushed forward. The door creeped open and made an elongated creak that seemed to last an eternity. The boys inched inside, and scanned their flashlights around the space. There was a room on their right and two on their left. In front of them a large staircase loomed and beside it, a hallway, that stretched beyond. The silence inside the house was deafening; every shuffle of the boys' feet was like an unwanted boom that echoed to every corner.

"Well, it might take long time to explore this house together," Clay stated as he tried to peer up the daunting staircase. "We should split up and go to different parts of the house."

"Yeah mmmm… Clay? Did you put something in those pumpkin sugar cookies you ate earlier? Are you crazy?" Joel shouted.

"Hey Joel, none of us speak crybaby, so if you want a bottle you should go home," Clay replied.

"I'm not going home now, after coming this far."

"And I'm still not sure if this is a good idea, but it's a plan," Tristan agreed.

"I'll take the stairs," Clay announced.

"I'm going to check out the hallway," said Tristan.

Then Tristan gave Joel a narrowed look, to which Joel answered, "Well I guess that leaves the rooms for me."

Clay tiptoed up the huge steps that squeaked at every other one. His eyes showed no fear, but his flashlight tightly gripped in his hands, was shaking. As he got closer to the top, he heard a soft scratching noise. Clay jumped and raced up the rest of the stairs. Looking around, he noticed two rooms were on each side of him. He was breathing hard as he pointed the flashlight to the door on his right. Hesitantly and carefully, he approached the door. Ssccrraaaaattch, the noise sounded again. Clay busted the door open and found a short bed, wide closet, and a wooden desk with drawers. He coughed as dust fell over him like a waterfall. The flashlight slowly moved from one part of the room to the next. The yellow light passed over the open closet. But Clay immediately swung it back. A dark hooded figure was standing there. Shrieking like a little girl, Clay dashed out of the bedroom and went to the room on the left. He slammed the door shut behind him. Not knowing what the room was, Clay brought up his flashlight and looked in forward. But reflected light flashed back at him and he realized it was a mirror. He stood for a moment before noticing something behind him. It was the dark hooded figure. Clay yelled and rushed back, farther into the space, only he tripped over something. KA'SPLASH! Clay had fallen into a bathtub full of green liquid. As fast as he fell in, Clay scrambled out and found the door, too busy trying to get out, to be worrying where the black figure was in the room. Clay zoomed back down the stairs.

Tristan had watched as Clay crept up the stairs before stepping towards the hallway. He shined his flashlight down the walls and saw that the hallway turned. Walking forward, he gulped as he observed disturbing paintings hanging on each side of the hallway that had terrifying people with piercing malicious gazes that seemed to bore into him. Ssccrraaaaattch. Tristan gasped and spun around, staggering backward trying to see what made the low sound. He kept going backward until he felt his back hit something hard. DING! Tristan swiftly turned and used his flashlight to see a gigantic clock that belted another DING! It startled Tristan and he saw to the right of the clock is where the hallway curved. He regained a bit of his composure and followed the passage again. As he shifted his flashlight to in front of him, the light caught something on the right wall. Tristan came closer and it exposed words…that were…written in what seemed to be blood. He shakily and frightfully tried to make out what they said and read 'you should have stayed out of this house'. Ssccrraaaaattch the sound creepily echoed again. Tristan frantically hurried ahead, but started to slide and unenviably fell to the floor with a hard thud. But the floor was covered in something. He was coated in blood! Before he tried to get up, his eyes spotted a dark hooded figure standing a few feet in front of him. He screamed, clumsily stood up, and unsteadily bustled past the figure, back down the hallway.

Joel began to pant as he saw his friends disappear into the darkness. He hastily decided to go to the room on his left. "Why in the heck am I doing this?" he said out loud to himself. He walked slowly towards the room, freaking out about what he might find. The room had no door and when Joel aimed his flashlight in there, he saw that it was a kitchen. He fearfully went inside and discovered a fridge, a counter that ran across a wall, a sink, and cupboards that lined all around the room. Fretfully lumbering across the floor, Joel reached the fridge. He moved a trembling hand to open it. The door cracked ajar and Joel almost fainted as a pile of dead spiders tumbled to the ground. Ssccrrraaaaaaattch. Joel yelped at the sound and shook his flashlight as it threatened to shut-off. Joel was about to leave when he heard a shuffle in a corner across the kitchen. He nervously moved his light to it and finally Joel saw it completely. It was a cloaked body that seemed to be progressing toward him. Joel was frozen in shock before a delayed high-pitch screech escaped his mouth. One of his arms banged against cobwebbed cupboard and a heavy bag of flour plummeted down on his head and exploded into a blizzard of powder. He got knocked to his knees and struggled to stand up. Joel got to feet and shouted for his friends, "Help!!"

Tristan and Clay sprinted into the kitchen just a Joel said "We have to get out of here!" Ssccrrraaaaaaatch. The boys got to Joel and looked ahead. There before them, only a few feet away, was the black shape, getting closer to them. Tristan suddenly noticed a door beside them, opened it, and shoved all of them inside. But instantly they were rolling down a flight of stairs. Bang! Clonk! Thud! Thud! Thump! Crash!!! The boys full of panic and pain, tried to grab their flashlights in the pitch black space of what they presumed to be a basement. Then as Clay, Joel, and Tristan were about to stand up, a chain-like noise rumbled and a sheet of light started to fall upon them. It was a garage door. They could hear many voices and pools of laughter coming from the outside. After helping each other up, they went toward the well-lit area and were overcome with a large crowd of people surrounding them. "I can't believe they fell for that!" "Look at what their covered in!" "We scared them so bad!" the people were shouting. Tristan, Joel, and Clay were still shaken up from their previous endure, but then Clay said,

"What? This was all a big set-up?"

"Heck yeah! We were getting you guys back for scaring us!" a girl answered from the group of people.

"Well I… I… touche`," Tristan mumbled. Joel didn't say anything, but had a massive look of relief that could be seen on his face.

"Fine, you got us," retorted Clay as he motioned for Joel and Tristan to follow him through the crowd that was still busting with hoots and giggles.

"You wanna know the best part?" a teen asked as the boys were walking away. "We got that whole thing on video!!" All three boys halted and turned around, mouths gaping. Some dawn clouds started to appear on the horizon, signaling the end of a wacked unforgettable Halloween night.

Come JOIN one of Mat-Su College's newest clubs!!
Alaska Native Cultures Club
Mission Statement:
To Provide Alaska Native Students a Group-Based Avenue for Camaraderie; Facilitate Leadership and a Platform Of Common Interests.

We also welcome anyone interested in learning more about Alaska Native cultures to join us.

Some of the things we are currently involved in:

- *Becoming a presence in the Mat-Su Student Government*
- *Taking a group to the AFN in October*
- *Presenting a Celebration of Alaska Native Heritage Month &*
- *Bringing Alaska Native-themed* Pamyua *to perform this November 18th*
  (See associated ads in this issue of the Monitor)

Plans for future activities:

- *Planning demos and workshops of Alaska Native Arts and activities*
- *Preparing a clearinghouse of information on Scholarships designed for Alaska Native students*
- *Connecting with: local tribal councils & our counterparts at UAA, Alaska Native Student Govt.*
- *Planning for next semester's orientation & Elizabeth Peratrovich Day*

We meet **every Monday** 11:50am to 12:50pm **FSM 200** *(Art Gallery upstairs)*
Pres. Kitlisa Carson, Vice Pres. Corinna Atkins,Sec/Treas. Jack Rogers & Cultural Adv. Rachel Goodall
Invite **YOU** to **Come to our next Meeting, Get Involved** & Become a **Member!!**
Sometimes we even serve snacks
Look for ANCC Fall 2015 Meeting Schedule/Past Minutes on MSC Club site: click on STUDENT CLUB CALENDER on the Mat-Su website: http://matsu.alaska.eduOr e-mail us at: : MatSuANCC@gmail.com

UAA Accounting Club

UAA Accounting Club invites Mat-Su accounting students to join.
Meeting times vary. For more info go to http://www.uaaaccountingsclub.com

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Mat-Su College

Dance Club

Thursdays

2:30 - 4:00

Glenn Massay Theater
on stage

Dance Club MSC

TABLE TOP GAMES

Mondays OLB 214 11:30-3:00
Tuesday OLB 214 11:00-1:00

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